

Then will she be out of love with *Eneas*.

Doct. What stuff's here? pore soules.

Ioy. Ev'n thus all day long.

Daugh. Now for this Charme, that I told you of, you must Bring a peece of silver on the tip of your tongue, Or no ferry: then if it be your chance to come where The blessed spirits, as the rs a sight now; we maids That have our Lyvers, perish'd, crakt to peeces with Love, we shall come there, and doe nothing all day long But picke flowers with Proserpine, then will I make *Palamon* a Nosegay, then let him marke me,—then.

Doct. How prettily she's amisse? note her a little further.

Dan. Faith ile tell you, sometime we goe to Barly breake, We of the blessed; alas, tis a sore life they have i'th Thother place, such burning, frying, boyling, hissing, Howling, chattring, cursing, oh they have shrowd Measure, take heede; if one be mad, or hang or Drowne themselves, thither they goe, *Iupiter* blesse Vs, and there shall we be put in a Caldron of Lead, and Vsurers grease, amongst a whole million of Cutpurfes, and there boyle like a Gamon of Bacon That will never be enough. *Exit.*

Doct. How her braine coynes?

Daugh. Lords and Courtiers, that have got maids with Child, they are in this place, they shall stand in fire up to the Nav'le, and in yce up to th' hart, and there th' offending part burnes, and the deceaving part freezes; in troth a very greivous punishment, as one would thinke, for such a Trifle, beleve me one would marry a leापrous witch, to be rid on't Ile assure you.

Doct. How she continues this fancie? Tis not an engrafted Madnesse, but a most thicke, and profound mellencholly.

Daugh. To heare there a proud Lady, and a proud City wiffe, howle together: I were a beast and i'd call it good sport: one cries, o this smoake, another this fire; One cries, o, that ever I did it behind the arras, and then howles; th' other curses a suing fellow and her garden house.

Sings. *I will be true, my stars, my fate, &c.* *Exit. Daugh.*
Jaylor.

Iay. What thinke you of her Sir? *(minister to.*
Doct. I think she has a perturbed minde, which I cannot

Iay. Alas, what then?

Doct. Vnderstand you, she ever affected any man, ere She beheld *Palamon*?

Iay. I was once Sir, in great hope, she had fixd her Liking on this gentleman my friend. *(great*

Woo. I did thinke so too, and would account I had a Pen-worth on't, to give halfe my state, that both She and I at this present stood unfainedly on the Same tearmes. *(the*

Do. That intemperat surfeit of her eye, hath distemperd Other senses, they may returne and settle againe to Execute their preordaind faculties, but they are Now in a most extravagant vagary. This you Must doe, Confine her to a place, where the light May rather seeme to steale in, then be permitted; take Vpon you (yong Sir her friend) the name of *Palamon*, say you come to eate with her, and to Commune of Love; this will catch her attention, for This her minde beates upon; other objects that are Inserted tweene her minde and eye, become the pranks And friskins of her madnes; Sing to her, such Greene Songs of Love, as she sayes *Palamon* hath sung in Prison; Come to her, stucke in as sweet flowers, as the Season is mistres of, and thereto make an addition of Som other compounded odours, which are grateful to the Sence: all this shall become *Palamon*, for *Palamon* can Sing, and *Palamon* is sweet, and ev'ry good thing, desire To eate with her, crave her, drinke to her, and still Among, intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance Into her favour: Learne what Maides have beene her Companions, and play-pheeres, and let them repaire to Her with *Palamon* in their mouthes, and appeare with Tokens, as if they suggested for him, It is a falsehood She is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her to eate, to sleepe, and reduce what's Now out of square in her, into their former law, and